

THURSTON.

Stack up—Show bills.
An impossible quantity—Too much money.
Forced politeness—bowing to circumstances.
Now take the hen's nest out of your sleigh and get ready for snow.
An Irishman's definition of nothing—a foolish stocking without any legs.

What is that which makes every person sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

The pestilence that walketh in darkness, is what a friend of ours styles bed bugs.

A vinegar hearted old bachelor says he always looked under the head of marriage for the news of the weak.

Why is a rosebed like a promise note? Because it is matured by falling dew (die).

My dear boy, honesty is the best policy. Well, you ought to know, father, for you have tried them both.

It would be better for poor readers if all the Turkish generals were named Smith.

No young mother will be offended if you tell her that her baby is heavy and her bread-light!

Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains? No, sir, but I've seen um kill moun.

Samson was an eminent tragedian in his day, and in his last act brought down the house.

A Parisian definition of a beautiful woman—The paradise of the eye and the purgatory of the purse.

Marriage, said an unfortunate husband, is the churchyard of love. And you men, replied his wife, are the grave-diggers.

Children say what they will be; old men, what they have been; only fools say what they are.

Hibby, did you put an egg in the coffee to settle it? Yes, mam; they were so bad that I had to use four of them.

When she struck him over the head with a tin dipper for trying to kiss her he called it the tatinabulation of the belle.

An Irishman, who was recently run over by a whole train of cars, got up and asked for his cap, and said he would not run another such risk as that for ten dollars.

An editor's excuse for discontinuing the publication of his paper was, that everybody else stopped the paper and he thought he would.

A western paper says: We are publishing a tri-weekly now. We get out a paper one week and try like blazes to get it out the next.

At a wedding, it was formerly a custom to drink honey dissolved in water, for thirty days—a moon's age. Hence the origin of the honey-moon.

old bachelor adds as a reason for it being so called, because it was full of scabs.

An old negro was paid his wages in silver half dollars. He gazed benignly upon them as they lay in his palm, grinned as though in triumph, and then exclaimed, Dat's de staff de rats can't chew!

Handsome is that handsome does, quoted a Chicago man to his wife the other day. Yes, replied she in a winning tone, as she held out her hand, for instance, a husband who is always ready to hand-some money to his wife.

A drunken California miner has kicked a can of nitro-glycerine again, and his relations would feel a great deal better if they could find something more of him than one boot-strap. It seems ridiculous to have a funeral over only one boot-strap.

Mr. Buckle says that history repeats itself. We presume he refers to the fact that the Jews were directed to make glad the waist places, and that the same pleasing custom of doing it with the left arm on the front stoop, evenings, after the old gentleman has gone to the lodge, is popular now.

Complimentary!—A maiden lady said to her little nephew, Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up. Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then observed, Well, aunty, you must have set up a good deal when you were young.

A fast man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher. Do you believe, he said, in the story of the Prodigal Son and the fatted calf?

Yes, said the preacher.

Well, then, was it a male or a female calf that was killed?

A female, promptly replied the divine.

How do you know that?

Because (looking the interrogator steadily in the face) I see the male is alive now!

Are you satisfied with the jury, gentlemen? said a judge recently after the jury had been impanelled.

We are, said the lawyers in chorus.

A tall gaunt figure solemnly arose in the jury box and said impressively, but I'm not.

What's your objection, Mr. Snooks? inquired his honor, blandly.

This young man on my right, your honor, has been eating onions.

Objection overruled; go on with the case.

Sunday Reading.

CARRYING THEIR OWN BRIMSTONE.

After a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me and said in a cutting voice:

Bishop, do you believe in hell?

I said, Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?

He said, yes.

Well, said I, the best answer I have ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece who tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this willful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room:

Aunty, aunty, I ain't gwine to be lieve in a hell no more.

If dat is any hell, I just wants to know where dey gets all dere brimstone for dat place;

dat's what I'd like to know.

The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and, with a tear on her cheek, said:

Ab! honey darlin', you look out you don't go dere, for you'll find dey all taken dere own brimstone wid 'um.

I said, Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?

He said, No; and then went home—I have a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry their own brimstone even in this world.

THE GREAT MASTER.

I am my own master! cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; I am my own master!

Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is? asked his friend.

Responsible! is it?

A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail.

Well.

To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you.

That is so, said the young man.

Now I could undertake no such thing, said his friend. I should fail sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master and failed. Herod did Judas did. No man is fit for it. One is my master, even Christ. I work under his direction. He is regulator, and where he is master all goes right.

One is my master even Christ, repeated the young man slowly and seriously; everybody who puts himself sincerely under his leadership wins at last.

A PARABLE.

I held in my hand a little dry tree, an infant hemlock. Had it lived a century it might have towered up above all the forest, and held up its head in majesty. But it grew on a sort of box, and a muskrat, digging his hole under it, bit off its roots, and it was dead. It was full of lumps and knots and gnarls, and I felt curious to know how it happened that it was so poor fellow! If you had all these knots and knots to support, I don't wonder you died.

And with my roots, which were my mouths with which to feed, all cut off too.

Yes, but where do all these ugly limbs come from? said I.

Just where all ugly things come from, said he. I am pretty much like you men. Find out where my limbs come from, and you will find where all human sins come from.

I'll take you at your word sir.

So I took out my knife and peeled off all the bark. But the limbs and the knots were left.

You must go deeper than that, sir.

One of the best evidences of a real change of heart, to be furnished by new converts, may often appear in the forgiveness of injuries, and in the making up of old quarrels. The Christian rule is that we are to forgive, if we would be, and because we have been forgiven. The love of Christ should persuade us to this. Nothing can ever be more appropriate to the beginning of a Christian life than the laying aside of the enmities and jealousies of the past, if there be any such in our hearts. It is honorable to the Master in the sight of men. It is needless to us, if we would be like Him. It is delightful, withal, in the practicing of it, thus to forgive, and to be clear of such hateful passions. We commend these thoughts not only to young converts, but to all Christians whose love has been revived, and with whom there may be personal occasion for the following of such suggestions.

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There is a gift that is almost a blow and there is a kind word that is mischievous; so much is there in the way of doing things.

F. H. COOLIDGE, Arlington, Vt., Jan. 20, 1875.

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